

EVENTS OF INTEREST  
IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

## WOMAN AND THE HOME

DOMESTIC HELPS AND  
AIDS TO HOUSEWIVESThe NURSE'S  
STORYBY  
ADELE  
BLENEAU

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CHAPTER XIV.  
Placing the Big Guns.

So we set out on our excursion. Our way followed the general direction of the canal. We had wandered along for half an hour, resting a moment here and there, but always keeping in sight of the hospital officer, when all at once I saw him stop, take out his glasses and train them on a spot in the heavens. I knew it must be a tape. I struggled quickly over the rough ground covered with mounds and uneven with holes made by shells. As the officer had only paused a moment, I had taken the precaution to line up his position with a low bush and a flagpole near by, but on reaching it, I found he had marked it by dropping a lighted cigar. I then began counting the steps, as directed, and when I had done all but the last ten Rene, who had been too occupied by the air craft to pay any attention to me, suddenly cried out, "Don't go any nearer!" and, pointing in the exact direction I had been told to take, said, "There they are—the big guns." I was mystified. Had I, after all, done something wrong? I hesitated, and then I put all conjectures aside and did as I had been told. "There are ten big ones," Rene whispered, "and lots of small ones buried. You know they dig holes and hide those." With unsteady hands I shaded my eyes for ten minutes. Then I saw an aeroplane dart out in pursuit of the tape, but as it took the aeroplane many minutes to ascend the tape sailed off toward its own lines before the aeroplane reached striking distance.

We followed along a mile or two more and saw women washing, almost under fire, piling up the wet clothes in great mounds on the edge of a dry stream. They were pattering and chattering as if such a thing as war did not exist. Then we retraced our steps. The last few minutes we had heard the deep full roar of artillery, and as I reached the cottage gate I heard some one say, "They have got the range at last, but it has taken a month to do it." My heart stopped within me. I was too faint to go farther. I had blundered, after all—when—how?

It was luncheon time, but I couldn't have swallowed a bit to save my life. I dragged my trembling body up the cold, worn steps to my attic room. Hour after hour I lay there, hearing the cannonading and growing more sick at heart with each dull boom. Finally about dusk I could endure no longer, and hastily putting on my bonnet and shawl I went downstairs. The road was full of autos and men, who were coming and going continually. I had hardly stepped out when some one bumped into me and whispered in French, but with a peculiar accent, "Be here at 8," and slipped away. I was indignant with myself when I realized that I had not noticed what the person looked like. Recovering myself, I sped in the direction he had gone. There were several men in khaki and one slouching peasant. It was the peasant who had spoken. What did he wish to tell me? It all seemed so queer. Was he in the German secret service? If so, why was he willing to trust me? And



With Unsteady Hands I Shaded My Eyes For Ten Minutes.

then I thought how perfectly absurd I was after all. I was beginning to have "nerves." Of course it was a man from the British headquarters. I said this over and over again, trying

to convince myself by repetition. But still I wanted news of the shelling and was looking around helplessly for some one I might ask when the hospital officer of the morning came by, stopped and asked me if I knew which room Colonel F. occupied. Answering in the affirmative, he requested me to show him the way.

"Follow me again tomorrow morning. You did good work today. Take the boy again." All this was said in snatches.

I was just beginning to be reassured by his words when my fears of a few moments ago returned. "If this was the message from headquarters what was the other?" I had no time to ask for the old lady called me and asked where I was going. I did not answer her, but in desperation hazarded in a whisper: "A spy will meet me in the garden at 8. Have some one there."

"Accused" and "Thanks," he said aloud. I then hastily ran down and explained to my landlady that I had been showing the Englishman the colonel's room. She still thought I was French. Looking at me a moment over her glasses, she said: "Don't mind me. Go back up there if you wish." When I realized what she meant I blushed and stammered that the gentleman was not my lover. I was burning with shame and was only able to compose myself by remembering that solely in her evil opinion of me lay the possible success of my mission; otherwise she would report my presence to the commanding officer, and he would in self defense be obliged to order me sent through to my own service.

I waited with misgivings. The hours seemed interminable. I felt blue and utterly depressed, and to keep my spirits up I kept telling myself how wonderful it would be to help him. But it was useless. The gloom remained. I couldn't shake it off. After what seemed an eternity 8 o'clock sounded. The old woman was dozing before the fire. Rene had gone to bed. I got up and slipped out into the garden. From the shadow a figure came forward to meet me. I was too astounded for words. The man was wearing khaki.

"Well," I managed to say in a voice that was cold to my own ears, for khaki and spying got on my nerves. Speaking with the same doubtful accent I had remarked before, he said: "You spotted the guns all right. How did you do it so quickly?" "The boy Rene did it," I answered. "Now I understand," he said. "I had been wondering who was working with you. It will be more difficult tomorrow. They are moving the guns tonight. You had better get in there" and he motioned to the house—"and get busy. A girl as pretty as you are can certainly find the soft spot in some of them. I am going out stalking tonight, and if I find anything!"

"Why, you can signal the tube yourself tomorrow," I interrupted. "No, you had better do that. It's safer, and this is too important to take any chance of making a mess of it. No, what I was saying is this, to locate them I will pass by about 10 in the morning driving a flock of sheep; follow me. I will drive them behind the big guns and will have as many sheep as there are guns. Get behind the battery and give your signal."

"Sheep," I managed to say, "but you are wearing khaki!"

"Yes! A dashed dangerous thing to do, coming to a place swarming with English, but as risky as it is it's the safest."

As he said this my spirits rose. I didn't mind anything now, for after all he was a "Bummel." Selling his country and his soul I couldn't have endured that just then. He was just a German who spoke English only too well.

But what was I to do, even knowing what he was. To gain time I asked, "How will you find the guns?" "Oh, that's my business," he said, and laughed.

"If you can't manage it will some one else come driving the sheep?" I asked lamely, hoping I might find a confederate.

"Oh, unless I miss my guess, I'll be there," he said dryly. "You had better go in," he added, "or you will be missed."

I looked up at him. I must know what he looked like. His face suggested America, and I suddenly felt I had seen him somewhere.

"Who are you?" I asked helplessly. "Where have I seen you before?"

(To Be Continued.)

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JOHN RECK & SON.ANNOUNCEMENT  
DR. CHARLES M. PENNY  
is now located at his new dental  
office, Rooms 506, 507, Security  
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port, Conn. Phone 2479-2.LAURA JEAN LIBBY'S DAILY TALKS ON  
HEART TOPICS

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WHAT LOVE  
MEANS TO A MAN

"A man fell in love. What was that to him?"  
"Twas all 'twas the breath of his life—'twas a hymn  
Of the soul whose music and rhythm  
Of the soul whose music and rhythm  
Were sweeter than songs that the angels sing.  
He loved. That was all—but it filled  
up his life.  
So that all of his thought was of  
MARRIAGE AND WIFE."

Before the heart of a man has been touched by the tender passion, he is a creature in regard to love. He does not think it worth while to give it a thought. He slaps his bachelor chums on the back and tells them how lucky they are in being free lances. He actually pities the man who is tied down to one woman's apron strings, as he phrases it.

No matter how fascinating the women with whom he comes in contact, he may be he prides himself upon the fact that when they are out of his sight they are out of his mind. He is amused at the girls who set their caps for him under their mamma's direction. He knows what they don't know—that it is time lost. But he is a man with a man's instincts and his heritage for loving. His heart may be a plant of slow growth, but he cannot live his life out without its breaking into blossom soon or late.

All men are not attracted by the same type of woman. It takes a certain particular heart to make with some other heart. Outward beauty of face or form or brilliant intellect has nothing to do with it. It is the unmistakable power of mutual attraction that wonderful magnet so indescribable, yet the golden key, to unlock love, the chord in each heart which vibrates to the touch of but one only. Two may meet strangers, glance casually into each other's eyes and without a spoken word or clasp of the hand each may realize the influence which means the awakening of the heart. A woman ponders over this sweet and new sensation romantically, yet earnestly. With a man it is different. He finds himself completely submerged in the labyrinth of an unseen power. Love strikes into a man's breast deeper than is the case with woman.

He realizes that it is man's destiny. He is filled with the fever of unrest until he is prepared to do anything whose personality has such an influence. Her presence, the sound of her voice, and the touch of her hand add to his enthrallment. She is ever in his thought. He cannot get away from them if he would.

He loved! He opened out a new world to him. The one fear that oppressed him was that he was not good enough for her. On the heels of it followed the dread of what his life might become if he failed to win her. His mind constantly dwelt on the need of a wife, the sanctity of marriage, the yearning for a home of his own and love therein.

He laughs at men who never felt a sword-cut. Nothing is as it was before to him. He realizes God's plan to mate—that it is not well for man to live alone; that he needs the gentle companionship of a noble, virtuous woman to guide him aright through this forward world of temptation and folly. He realizes marriage makes or maims a man. It means everything to him.

MISS LIBBY'S REPLIES  
TO YOUR LETTERS

Miss Libby's answers to your letters. Correct name and address must be given to insure attention. Initials printed. Write short letters on one side of paper only. Use ink. Personal letters cannot be answered. Address Miss Laura Jean Libby, No. 916 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

SCHOLARS HAVE NO TIME  
TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS

A. K. writes: "I am a girl past 17. Last August met a young man who had to go away to school. He wrote often that he would see me at Christmas holidays. We never happened to see each other. Appointments never were filled. I wrote as to why it was. Was this proper as he tells he cares for me? Is it school that keeps him from writing? Please tell me. You should not be offended at his not writing. His time is so limited. He will explain to you."

TWIN BROTHERS  
LOVE THE SAME GIRL

J. and C. C. write: "We are twin brothers 19 years of age. We both love the same girl. She is fine, respectable, 18. Her objects in life are to get married and to keep company with her. What's best to overcome our difficulties, please?"

Under the circumstances it would be best for both of you to give up the girl. Each may find a new sweetheart. Do not cause unpleasantness thus for one another all your after life. Her heart does not seem to go out to either.

LEAP-YEAR INVITATION PROPOSED  
G. K. writes: "I am a Sunday school teacher. Deep is my true regard for a young man of 23. Would like him to call some evening. Is it proper to allow my little brother to call at his home and let him know he is invited to our house? This is leap year and invitation proposed may not be amiss. If you are acquainted well with him, may not be amiss. Better see him

at Sunday school and extend invitation yourself.

## I DIDN'T CARE TO TELL

Kathleen, Anna and Edith write: "In a recent article on authors, you said you promised a number of young girls that you would find out for them if the author, Mr. Winston Churchill, who was present, was married or single. You did not tell us the result of your investigations. Please let us know."

Yes, I found out. I'm not telling any tales out of school.

LITTLE BENNY'S  
NOTEBOOK

(By Lee Pape)

Miss Kitty told the class to rite a composition on the bad effects of alcohol for homework last nite, this being mine.

The Dangers of Drinking Alcohol and Why Not.  
No glass of whiskey or beer is complete without alcohol, and for this reason we are not drinking milk or lemonade or something, we choose to confine ourselves to water, especially small children, such as babies.

When alcohol is kept in a bottle, it is harmless and don't make any difference, but as soon as it gets into somebody's stomach, it gets wild and sets the lining.

Wun glass of whiskey leads to another, and after a man has had about 20 glasses he jennally dont no wen to stop.

The worst part of whiskey is that it leads to other things, such as going out drunk, coming home drunk, stealing, untidyneis and merder.

In winter alcohol makes you colder and in summer it makes you warmer, proving that it is not only foolish to drink it, but simpli.

Laws awt to be passed perhibiting the sale of alcohol, only they never are on account of so many of the people who make the laws drinking alcohol themselves. Proving that we awt to make our own laws.

Alcohol causes more deaths every year than railroad accidents, slippery streets, hospitals and stabbin.

For these reasons we should never give up watir, wich is perfectly harmless, weather we squert the yard with it, take baths in it or drink it, leaving as we dont do everything with the same watir.

## ZEPPELINS EARN \$175,000.

Frankfort-on-Main, Germany, Mar. 30.—The German Passenger Airship Company, Ltd., of this place, in its annual report, just issued says that while the war has put a stop to the company's regular business, the works have been fully occupied on war orders (manufacture of parts for Zeppelins) and that the gross earnings for the year were \$175,000. As the company was burdened with a heavy deficit, 1915 earnings made it possible to write off a substantial amount. The company's profits are derived from leasing its sheds at various points, like Baden-Baden, Hamburg, Frankfurt, Dresden and Potsdam to the military authorities.

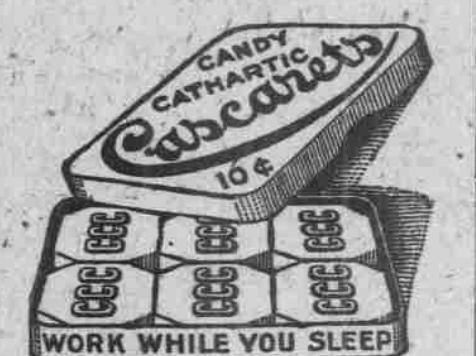
## SHAVES TO COST MORE.

London, March 30.—The Hair Dressers' Guild have announced that after April 15 next, they will raise the charge for shaving from four cents to five cents and advance the price of hair-cutting from eight cents to ten cents. Scarcity of labor and the increased cost of materials are given as the reason for the increased prices.

IT'S YOUR LIVER!  
YOU'RE BILIOUS,  
HEADACHY, SICK!

Don't stay constipated with  
breath bad, stomach sour  
or a cold.

Enjoy life! Live your liver  
and bowels tonight and  
feel me.



Tonight! Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, breath offensive and stomach sour. Don't stay bilious, sick, headachy, constipated. Get a box of Cathartic Tablets from the drug store now! Eat one or two tonight and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. You will wake up feeling fit and fine. Cathartics never grip or bother you all the next day like calomel, salts and pills. They act gently but thoroughly. Mothers should give their sick, bilious or feverish children a whole Cathartic any time. They are harmless and children love them.—Adv.

A Texture That  
Leads For Popularity

"LA JERZ"

Silk jerseys corded to simulate the cordings of winter are used for street suits. This one is a lustrous pinstripe green cut with a full skirt, patch pockets, open neck and strings belt beautifully tasseled. These garments are exceedingly comfortable. The suit takes a black turban that flounces three jade ornaments on the right side.

## TODAY'S POEM

## THE OLD LOVE SONG.

Play it slowly, sing it lowly,  
Old familiar tune!  
Once I ran in dance and dimple,  
Like a brook in June;  
Now it sobs along the measures  
With a sound of tears;  
Dear old voices echo through it,  
Vanished with the years.

Play it slowly—it is holy  
As an evening hymn;  
Morning gladness hushed to sadness  
Fills it to the brim.  
Memories come within the music,  
Stealing through the bars;  
Thoughts within its quiet spaces  
Rise and set like stars.

Ripple, ripple, goes the love-song  
Till, in slow time  
Early sweetness grown completeness  
Floods its every rhyme;  
Who together learn the music  
Life and death unfold.  
Know that love is but beginning,  
Until love is old.

Singing, singing through the roses  
Went our lovers' train—  
Was there ever such a rose time,  
Could there be again?  
Now they tell us "Five-and-twenty  
Junes we've seen them bow;  
Every June's complete, sweeter—  
Well we lovers know!"  
—William Channing Gannett, in Pitts-  
burgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

## HANNAH DUSTIN

Perhaps the first woman to triumph in a contest with cunning and crooked Indians was Hannah Dustin, who, on the 30th of March, 1857, performed a feat which has enrolled her name among the world's immortal heroines. Mrs. Dustin and her nurse, Mary Neff, were captured by the savages during a raid on Haverhill. Although she had been confined to bed, Mrs. Dustin was forced to walk, scantily clad, through the snow, without any shoes to protect her feet, and to sleep at night on the wet ground, without any covering but the pitiless sky. After several days the party reached an island in the Merrimac above Concord, N. H., where the chief of the tribe claimed Hannah Dustin and her nurse as spoils of war. The captives were lodged with the chief's family, which consisted of two men, three squaws and seven children, and a captive English boy, Samuel Leonardson by name. Mrs. Dustin, in spite of the privations and indignities she had suffered, was still full of courage, and she plotted with Mary Neff and the English boy a means of escape. Shortly before daylight one morning the two white women and the boy attacked the sleeping savages and killed all of them as they slept, except a squaw and a child, who escaped. They then escaped the savages, as evidence of the truth of their exploit, and fled in a boat down the river, finally reaching Haverhill.

This millinery display at E. H. Dillon & Co.'s, 1195 Main street, is more than a show affair; in addition to being alluring and fascinating, it is equally attractive from a practical standpoint you will be delighted with the exquisite specimens of hats moderately priced.—Adv.

The Duke of Westminster has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order.

SPRING FLOWERING  
PLANTS.  
JOHN RECK & SON.

## THE REAL THING

A cold winter's morning and a breakfast  
of buckwheat cakes, real buckwheat  
cakes made from



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## CORNER FOR COOKS

## Scottish Soup.

For eight persons, use a good sized leak, trim and wash it and cut it into julienne pieces one inch long; saute in butter until it is a delicate brown, then add three pints of water, salt and pepper, one quart of potatoes, washed, pared and sliced and a third of a cup of pearl barley. Let all cook slowly together for two hours. Just before serving, thicken slightly with two ounces of melted butter and flour rubbed to a cream. Serve very hot with toast squares.

## A Pudding Sauce.

A sauce that is delicious with Graham pudding is made as follows: Beat together one egg, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, a teaspoon of vanilla and a pinch of salt. Add five tablespoons of boiling milk and serve at once.

## Apple Crisp.

This recipe requires eight apples (or one quart), a teaspoon of cinnamon, a half cup of water, one cup of sugar, a half cup of flour and five tablespoons of butter. Butter a fireproof dish and fill it with the apples, water and cinnamon mixed. Work the sugar and the other ingredients, mixing them gently with the fingertips until crumbly, then spread over the apple mixture. Bake 30 minutes uncovered. Serve with whipped cream or lemon sauce.

## Potato Puffs.

Take about four potatoes or enough to make three tablespoons when mashed; salt them, then add two eggs beaten separately, one teaspoon of mustard, one teaspoon of baking powder, one-half cup of sweet milk, flour to thicken stiffly. Drop from a teaspoon in hot cottoline and cook to a golden brown.

## White Cake.

One-half cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 5 egg whites, 1 cup milk, 2-3 cups flour sifted with 3 level teaspoons baking powder and 1-3 teaspoon of salt 3 times, 1 teaspoon almond extract. Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, then the milk and flour alternately, beating (do not stir) until the batter looks like velvet. Fold in the beaten whites of eggs. Bake in a pan with a tube in the center. Bake with cool oven and gradually increase the heat.

## Soft Gingerbread.

One cup butter, one cupful each of butter, molasses and sugar, which have been previously warmed slightly. Add half a teaspoon of cinnamon and a teaspoon of ground baking soda in a little boiling water and beat into half a cup of sour milk (buttermilk is just as good). Add to the other mixture, then stir in one well-beaten egg and two and a fourth cups of flour. Bake in a loaf or in patty pans. It may be possible that a little extra flour will be required; the batter should be like cup cake batter.

## Potato Pancakes.

Eight potatoes, peel and put through fine knife of food chopper; 1 large onion, chopped 1-2 teaspoon salt 4 eggs, beaten lightly; 1-2 cup of milk, 1-2 cup of flour. No baking powder and don't omit the onion.

Use hot griddle of thick iron (not sheet) and plenty of lard.

Lieut. Col. W. S. Scott has been sent to Columbus, N. M., to relieve Colonel Poltz, who is ill.

Ten thousand dock workers along the Mersey river, England, went on strike for better pay.

## Thin People Gain Flesh

Taking Father John's Medicine, The Pure Food Medicine.

The elements of which Father John's Medicine is composed are pure and nourishing food elements which strengthen and build new tissue and strength for those who are weak and run down. It is free from alcohol and dangerous drugs in any form. Best for colds and coughs.



Best for Colds and throat troubles. Builds you up. No Alcohol or dangerous drugs.

## Girls Wanted

## METAL DEPT.

Light assembling, tipping, inspecting, power press operators.

## BOX DEPT.

Strippers, Stayers, Liners and turn-in Operators.

ACCESSORIES DEPT.  
Rose Supporter Stitchers, Stringers and all kinds of Brassiere Operators.

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APPLY EMPLOYMENT OFFICE  
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MACHINISTS FOR  
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Good Wage and Steady Employment. Want Reference.  
Hours 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.  
Sat'day 8 A. M. to 1:30 P. M.  
Employment Office Open from 7 A. M. to 5:30 P. M.

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BRIDGEPORT, : : : CONN.

Yuan Shih-Kai a Patriot,  
Opinion of Judge Wilfley

Few Americans have had better opportunity to gain an insight into Oriental affairs than Judge Lebban Redman Wilfley, for several years the judge of the United States Court for China, and prior to that the Attorney-General of the Philippines. Judge Wilfley was born in Andrain county, Missouri, just half a century ago today, March 30, 1866, and was educated at Central College, Fayette, later taking a legal course at Yale. He built up a large general practice in St. Louis, where he remained until 1901, when he received the Philippine appointment. He found Manila filled with American rogues, the scum of all sorts who preyed upon the brown brothers. With the backing of William H. Taft he waged war on these birds of prey, and most of them fled to Shanghai, where they practiced their wiles upon the heathen Chinese. In 1906 Wilfley was appointed judge of Uncle Sam's court at Shanghai, and the gamblers, confidence men and disreputables of all sorts, with the American lawyers who gave them legal advice and protection, soon discovered that in fleeing from Manila to Shanghai, they had jumped from the frying-pan into the fire. The worst phase of the situation was that the great majority of the infamous houses in Shanghai were owned and tenanted by American women, and when Judge Wilfley reached Shanghai he discovered that the phrase "American girl" had in China only one meaning, and that the worst of evils, the native women of bad morals were called "American girls." Judge Wilfley set about the herculean task of cleaning up this Augean stable of vice. He discovered that the women and the swindlers had influential backing, and that a large proportion of the American lawyers in Shanghai were retained by these people, yet he persevered and in the end succeeded in bringing about a condition under which the Stars and Stripes no longer stood as the sign and symbol of a gambling den or house of ill repute.

While in China Judge Wilfley became personally acquainted with Yuan Shih-Kai and other leaders in Chinese affairs. He declares that Yuan is a statesman of great ability, and in his opinion, a disinterested patriot. The assumption of the imperial purple by Yuan is, he believes, not due to any desire for personal aggrandizement.

A Big Attraction.  
Monday evening at the Colonial Ball Room, 271 Fairfield avenue, there will be another concert, followed by dancing, by the Singing Society Orchestra, which promises a good time to the young people of the city who like dancing to good music. The McEnellys are considered the best orchestra playing in Bridgeport, and have a host of friends. All of the new dances and new music will be included in the program with a number of novelties. Admission is kept at the usual moderate figure, there will be a large crowd and a good time. You are cordially invited to be of the number.—Adv.